



THE
E N T E R T
 OF
L A D Y
A t F I S H E

Together with an Addresse made, to her
 Iam at her visiting

The Bedlams Speech.

TOppsie tervie, hai down derry.
 You sober boyes lets now be merry,
 Here comes noble Georges Wife,
 Let's then bespeak her to the life.

Most Noble Lady, now we see
 The World turns round as well as we;
 Our Chains are Ornaments, our Cells
 Are Palaces where Honour dwells,
 Whilst you adorn this place, we know
 No greater happinesse below,
 Than to behold the sweet delight
 Of him that will restore our right:
 Madam, to you it is we look
 As the best Scripture in our Book,
 Could we but learn to be so wise
 As love our Head as well as Eyes;
 Our University might be
 Happy in your felicity,
 Our Chains as uselesse as the large
 Contents of Lamberts n. - discharge,
 Our Time not spent in picking straws,
 Our Holds, only most wholesome Law's;
 Our Bedlam true Phanatiques keep,
 Not such as dream when fast asleep.
 Let George know we are not so mad;
 But we can love an honest Lad.

The Speech at Fishers-Folly.

THrice welcome noble Lady to this place,
 Wife to a Person sprung of royall Race;
 Whose High-born Soul proclaimes him one of those
 Which claime an Intrest in the Milkie Rose,
 Upon whose Brow prudence and valour cry
 Mastries, and strive each other to out-vie:
 And what's his greatest praise, his Royalty
 Appears full fraught with ancient Loyalty.
 The rarest Jewels that the World imparts
 Are Royall Subjects crown'd with loyall Hearts.
 And such (sweet Lady) is your royall Spouse,
 Who cannot choose but mind his former Vowes,
 One that is verst in honest Politicks,
 And deeply hateth such Pedantick tricks



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AINMENT

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MONK,

RS-FOLLY.

er by a Member of the Colledge of Bed-
g those Phanatiques.

As Murder, Rapine, Perjury, which crimes
Were in vile *Cromwells* and the Rumpers times
Accounted Godliness, and in wrong Sence
Stil'd Acts of Heavens Gracious Providence.
But now (I hope) we shall be free'd from th' Spell
And witching Charms o'th Devill and Machiavel,
They must invent new Sleights, a cloak that's stronger,
Religion will vayne vilany no longer;
All men have now found their fallè knavery out,
But noble *George* hath put them to the Rout:
As *Fabius* weary'd *Hanibal*, he so
Blasted their force, yet gave them nev'r a blow:
Wonderfull Conqueror that could withstand,
Nay foyle his enemy without a hand!
Never had *England* a more prosprous fate,
Nor purchast freedom at a cheaper rate.
Who absent, lo we Pay all Honour due
To her who is a Part of him; that's you,
Ev'n you (fair Lady) who are ever blest
In his Injoyment: Y'are a welcome Guest
Unto our Board, whose presence makes us Jolly,
Since you vouch safe to come to Fishers-Folly,
So called from the Founder, a Lack-wit
Who built the House, but could not finish it:
Our *Geogre* a greater Work hath well begun,
And scorns to leave it, till its throughly done:
He gently does his businesse, and hath learn'd
To move the Wheele, so that its not discern'd.
And with a silent calmnesse doth asswage
The Hot-spur spirits and the fiery rage
Of fierce Phanatiques; who, like foolish Elves,
By their mad zeal would have burnt up themselves.
Thus hath he wisely stopt the mouths of those
Builders of *Babel*, which did still oppose
Th' repaying of our Sion; to whose ayd
Wee'l all stand up untill the top-stone's layd:
And after all confesse Great *George* to be
the chief Restorer of our Liberty:
And you thrice happy favourite of Fate
Who have so wise, so great, so good a Mate.